

Under Fire

By RICHARD PARKER

Based on the drama of
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of "It Pays to Advertise"

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SYNOPSIS.

George Wagstaff, daughter of Sir George, of the British admiralty, hints at a liaison between her governess, Ethel Willoughby, and Henry Streetman. Ethel denies it. Henry Streetman calls on Ethel and while waiting for her talks to Brewster, Sir George's butler, who is a German spy, about his failure to get at admiralty papers in Sir George's possession. He phones to German secret service headquarters.

A fine young Englishwoman is caught in the net of international plotting and is made the victim of circumstances—tragic circumstances. She becomes innocently involved with an enemy of her country and he proceeds to use her as a tool. How she is cornered and prodded, as boys might tease a wounded wild animal, is told vividly in this installment.

Streetman, the German spy, and Roeder (alias Brewster, the butler), are discussing the possibility of war.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Yes, yes! Of course," Streetman agreed hastily, as if he would forestall any patriotic exhibition. "Still, one would like to live with the luxuries of life. One day I shall make the grand coup; and then to cease all this—!" He broke off suddenly, for he heard Miss Willoughby stirring on the other side of that closed door. "Sssh! To the door!"

"Very good, Brewster!" Mr. Streetman said in a clear, firm voice, which he intended to carry well beyond that closed door. "I'll wait here for Miss Willoughby."

And then Sir George's butler bowed and left the room.

CHAPTER III.

A Foe in the Household.

Brewster had hardly closed the doors behind him before Ethel Willoughby appeared.

"Oh, Henry! You surprised me," she said.

"I came before the others," Streetman explained, "because there is something you must do for me at once."

"About the fleet, I suppose," she said, somewhat wearily, as she turned away from him.

"How did you know?" He shot the question at her almost too quickly for caution. But for the moment he experienced something approaching alarm. But her answer reassured him.

"Nowadays it is only of the fleet you ask," she told him. And she regarded him with eyes that were pathetic, if not reproachful. Once it had seemed to her that Henry Streetman was interested in her. But of late she had been obliged to admit to herself that that interest had quickly waned.

Her handsome caller paid no attention to the obvious complaint that lay in Ethel's answer. In the most matter-of-fact fashion he proceeded straight to the business that was uppermost in his mind.

"You must learn at once from Sir George where the ships at Spithead are going," he announced bluntly. "Find out if they sail together, or if they will disperse—and how."

As she faced him again there was beseeching in her voice, her eyes, her whole manner.

"Wait, Henry, wait!" she begged. "Before we go into that, tell me—when are you going to let people know we're married?"

Streetman remembered then that he had a many-sided role to play. And thereupon he went up to the girl; and taking one of Ethel's hands in his, while he put an arm around her, he looked down at her in a most loverlike fashion.

"Ah, my dear! I'd let them know now—this minute—if I only could!" he exclaimed.

"But we must announce our marriage at once," she said quickly.

"Announce our marriage—why?"

"George Wagstaff told me just a few minutes ago that when I said I was in Brighton a friend of hers saw you and me together in Paris," she replied in tragic tones.

"You did not explain?" he asked.

"That we were on our honeymoon? No! I kept my word to you. I said I was in Brighton." She looked at him in a puzzled way as he left her then and paced the floor in a nervous fashion.

"Of course, it's easily proved that I was not in Brighton," Ethel continued. "George seemed to think you and I . . . Well—you can imagine what she must have thought. Oh! why must there be this secrecy? I loathe it!" She sank upon the settee and stared moodily at the floor—a most unhappy picture of a pretty bride.

Streetman roused himself and bent over her.

"My dear! We must wait until I can arrange matters with my family,"

he explained in his most plausible manner. "Until I can come into my own again we should starve. Soon it will all be arranged." And once more he turned away from her—this time with an air of finality—as if there were really no argument against his vague protestations.

"Soon? You have said that for a month," Ethel reminded him. "You've said it ever since we were married."

"Next week, then!" he agreed in desperation. "I promise! And you will learn tonight about the fleet?" he added in the same breath.

"But, Henry, if I do ask Sir George and he tells me, isn't it rather a shabby thing to do then to come to you and—"

"No, no, no—as I've often told you!" he interrupted. It seemed to him that her objections were interminable. And under the stress of the urging from his superiors his forbearance was fast reaching its end. To hide his anxiety and his irritation, he stepped to the window and looked out.

"But Sir George trusts me," Ethel resumed. Streetman stifled a mouth-filling German oath while he listened to her. "When he answers my questions," she continued, "he does so because he thinks I'm just idly curious. He never dreams I'd repeat what he says to anyone. It all puts me in a beastly position. Sir George is a loyal Englishman, and if he thought—"

Streetman would not let her finish. He wheeled about and said sharply, to forestall even the merest mention of such a thing as an informer—let alone a spy—

"And you are a loyal Englishwoman—and I am loyal to France."

"Then why do you pass yourself off as an Englishman?"

"Because it is the wish of my employers, the French secret service. It is the wish of France," he declared in a grand manner, which he intended to carry conviction with it.

"It's all quite beyond me," she said with a hopeless air. They had had many such discussions. And never yet had she been able to understand the reasons that Streetman put forth with unvarying glibness. "Why should France wish to know about our fleet?"

"Ah! that I do not know," he replied. "The secret service gives me their instructions. It is for me to follow, not to question them. It is my work—my future." He drew nearer to her, and his masterful eyes gazed full into hers. "It is our future, Ethel!" he cried with apparent emotion.

"But isn't France England's ally?" she asked. "I can't understand why she should need this information."

"In times like these it is best for each country to know all possible about every country," he explained. "You will be doing no wrong to England when you get me the facts I desire." He sat down beside her, and, placing his arm about her, he drew her close to him. "You will find out to-night about the fleet?" he pleaded.

But there was something about his persistent wheedling that made Ethel Willoughby—or Mrs. Streetman—suspicious.

"I can't help feeling that there is something behind all this—something you are not telling me," she said slowly.

Despite his confident air, Streetman could not easily look into her searching eyes. He was uncomfortable.

"What?" he exclaimed, scarcely believing his ears.

"I understand that for some reason you are trying to bribe me with these promises of yours to betray Sir George's confidence. But I'm sick of this deception. I won't do it any longer; and you oughtn't to ask it of me."

"Indeed!" he said, with a vicious show of scorn. "And if it should happen to come to Sir George anonymously—!" he stressed the word—"that you had already betrayed his confidence, what would your position be here?"

He watched her narrowly, to see what effect his threat might have upon her.

"You wouldn't do that?" she exclaimed, as a sudden fear gripped her. All at once it struck Ethel that her position had indeed become desperate. She had not dreamed that she would find herself in such an impasse—and at the hands of her husband, of all people.

"I should not like to do it," Streetman replied. "But I intend to learn—I shall learn—about the fleet tonight; and through you!" he declared, with undisguised determination.

She turned upon him like some hunted wild thing then, ready to fight desperately in one last, mad effort.

"Oh! So that's what your love, your affection, amounts to, is it?"

"Put it any way you choose," was his callous answer. "But I must have this information. . . . Come! What do you say?"

"What is there for me to say?" "Exactly!" he retorted. "I am glad to see that at last you appreciate the situation." They both started then at the sound of voices. "It is Sir George," Streetman said. "I shall leave presently. But I shall come back in an hour. . . . And you will have found out about the fleet?"

"Oh! I suppose so!" she replied. "But it makes me hate myself—and you!"

"Really? What a pity!" he said with mock sympathy.

CHAPTER IV.

Gathering Storm-Clouds.

And then Sir George Wagstaff joined them, with his trusted butler, Brewster, in his wake, bearing a muffled tray.

Ethel went gayly to meet her benefactor. At least, her manner was blithe; but her heart was leaden.

"Hello, Sir George!" she said. "Hello, Ethel!" They were good pals—those two. The daughter of one of his oldest and dearest friends, Ethel had always occupied a niche all her own in Sir George's affections. Sir George was not of the big type

of Englishman. He was, on the contrary, not much over the height of Ethel herself. But he was undeniably impressive, with his keen, gray eyes, his fast-whitening hair, and his exquisite manners. And despite the punctilious politeness that Sir George displayed to everybody, there was something in his bearing that warned one that he was no person to trifle with.

"I just dropped in for a few minutes because I'd promised to come to your tea, Ethel; and I try never to break my word to so charming a lady."

"She made a pretty curtsy." "Thank you, Sir George!" "For you, at the admiralty, these must be troublesome times?" Streetman ventured.

"Rather busy, yes," was Sir George's somewhat short answer. He was always ready, when at leisure, to enter

upon a discussion of any topic—except such as touched upon his high office. And there he was exceedingly touchy.

"You think, then, there will be war between Russia and Germany?" Streetman asked him eagerly. He could not do otherwise than ignore Sir George's slightly frigid reply to his previous question. If he felt any resentment, he trusted to be able to pay off the score in his own way, later.

Sir George lifted his eyebrows ever slightly as he glanced at Ethel's color.

"That, sir, is a matter I should prefer not to discuss," he replied.

"Pardon me, sir, but as a loyal Englishman I am naturally interested." And then Ethel stationed herself behind the tea table.

"Come! Let's talk of peace and tea," she said. It made her feel guilty to sit there and hear Streetman try to pry information out of Sir George beneath his own roof. And it seemed that the least she could do to repay him for his many kindnesses was to protect him as best she might from Streetman's indefatigable curiosity.

They had no sooner taken their cups from her when George Wagstaff burst into the room.

"Hello, everybody!" she greeted them. "Here's Guy and his mother." Close behind her followed Mrs. Stephen Falconer and her good-looking son, who was, as everybody knew, more than devoted to Sir George Wagstaff's vivacious daughter. "We'd have been here earlier," Georgy explained, "but Mrs. Falconer and Guy had gone to a matinee."

"Silly show!" the blase Guy added in a bored drawl. "The eternal triangle or some such nonsense!"

"Very tiresome!" his mother agreed. "And so noisy! Full of shots and pistols—and mostly about some poor creature who'd sinned and repented."

"That's the sort of play I disapprove of, particularly for my daughter," Sir George commented from his place on the settee. "I am glad, Georgy, that you were not there."

"Oh, I saw it last week," said Georgy with mischievous satisfaction. "And you ought to go, father. You'd weep over the heroine. Frightfully damaged lady—wasn't she, Guy?"

"Oh, frightfully!" said Guy. "Completely beyond repair!"

"I knew the minute she walked on she wasn't a good woman. She was so pale and circle-y, and so beautifully dressed," Georgy explained, as she watched her father squirm. Shocking her respectable parent was one of Georgy's favorite diversions.

"You mustn't talk this silly cynicism," Ethel reproved the two young people.

"Don't worry!" Georgy retorted. "Father knows I don't get that sort of chat from my very proper governess. It's just hereditary from him. I express what he feels but doesn't dare say."

But Sir George refused to be annoyed by his daughter's hectoring. "At least I deserve credit for my modesty," he observed dryly.

Will Ethel get the damaging naval information from Sir George—and will she refuse to pass it along? Or will Sir George, suddenly suspicious of unexplained actions, refuse to talk to the girl?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Divine Friendship

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.
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TEXT—Behold a friend of publicans and sinners!—Matthew 11:19.

This was a name given derisively by pharisees to our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. But since he did not disown it it becomes for that reason very precious to every soul who has come to believe on him.

(1) The friendship of Jesus for sinners, who trust in him, is marked by absolute disinterestedness. It is marked by this that it does not depend upon anything in us. Solomon says that

"Every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts," but we have nothing to give to Jesus by which to merit his friendship. Indeed, his friendship is especially offered to the poor, for it is written in Isaiah, "He that hath no money, let him buy." Neither is there any goodness in us to awaken his friendship, for "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us," as Paul says to the Romans in chapter 5 of his letter to them. It is just as we are without any claim or good deeds to recommend us—with no friendship towards God in our hearts and indeed, even with enmity towards him, that he manifests his friendship towards us in his son.

His Constancy.

(2) Consider the constancy of this friendship which is as unchangeable as the nature of God who is "the same yesterday, today and forever." We cannot trust in any earthly friend like this or put confidence in any earthly guide, for as the Bible says, "even a son will dishonor his father and a daughter rise up against her mother, and a man's enemies are the men of his own house." Job complains that in his adversity his friends scorned him, and few of us have not known desertion under similar circumstances. But Christ is "a friend who loveth at all times and a brother born for adversity." Some time ago I heard of a youth who had been driven out of his mother's home because of idleness, but there is a promise even for such as he, since it is written in the 27th Psalm: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." The great Doctor Johnson used to say that if a man's friendship in this world is to amount to anything he must keep it in good repair. He meant that we must make new friends as life advances or else by and by we shall be left without any. There is much truth in this. Where are the friends of our budding youth, to whom we told more secrets than our parents knew? How many of them are forgotten and have forgotten us? But it is not so with the divine friendship.

His Helpfulness.

(3) Then this divine friendship is so practical in its helpfulness. In the first place, it helped us out of the death of sin into the life of righteousness. It has redeemed us through the cross from the guilt and power of sin. Again, as the Psalmist says, "God is a very present help in time of trouble." We may come boldly to the throne of grace to find grace to help in time of need. "The Holy Spirit helpeth our infirmity for we know not what to pray for as we ought." Then God hath set some in the church as "helps," as we learn in Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. What help do we find in a faithful pastor or Sunday school teacher, or some other Christian leader who has really within him the Word of God and who is consistent in his daily life? How we should thank God for all these means of grace which he has given us in our earthly journey! And yet we have not spoken of that constant help we find in the reading and study of his Holy Word.

His Loyalty.

(4) Finally Jesus is a friend of ours who is not ashamed to acknowledge us as friends of his. Addressing his disciples he said: "Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth, but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known to you." The rich are ready to patronize the poor, and the learned to patronize the ignorant. For example, a late philanthropist is said to have bestowed \$1,000 a day in benevolences. There were many who were pleased to call him their friend, and doubtless he was gratified to be so designated. But in how many cases would he have been prepared to return the compliment? What proportion of those whom he helped would he have been disposed to introduce to his acquaintanceship as his friends? They were the objects of his charity. He was interested in them, to be sure; but that was all. Oh, there is a great difference between your calling me your friend and my calling you my friend. But of Jesus it is written, "But he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Surely this is a friend to know and to love and serve!

MOTHERS! Prepare for Trouble!

When a girl becomes a woman, when a woman becomes a mother, and when a woman passes through the changes of middle life, are the three periods of life when health and strength are most needed to withstand the pain and distress often caused by severe organic disturbances. Many thousand women would testify just as do the following:

CLEVELAND, O.—"When passing through the symptoms which come to women of 45, I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is just right for that period of life, and I do not hesitate to recommend it."—MRS. MARY E. LUCAS, 9415 Benham Ave.

DAYTON, OHIO.—"It is a pleasure to recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was used for woman's trouble. I had used other remedies with little benefit. I was dragging around and tired out but when I had taken several bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' I was much stronger and better; it did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I shall always recommend it and will use it again if I need it."—MRS. NELLIE M. ALLEN, 43 Adrian St.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"I was in very bad condition, all run down, weak and nervous. I got so thin I was a walking skeleton. I tried different medicines, also had the doctor, but did not get any relief. I at last decided to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and this medicine completely cured me of my trouble and built me up in a good, strong, healthy condition. I think it the only medicine for women and am glad to recommend it."—MRS. ELIZABETH JORDAN, 4724 Tillman Avenue.

His Bright Idea.

"Now, look here, Mr. Mikey! This won't do! You haven't paid any rent for over a month."

"I'm sorry, but I really can't pay just now," replied Mikey.

"You're the third one today with that yarn!" exclaimed the landlord, "and I can't afford such a loss. You must see what you can do to help me!"

"All right—I will! I will write you tonight," answered Mikey.

Next morning the landlord eagerly opened the letter, expecting to find a remittance, but this is what he read: "Dear Sir: I've thought it over, and the only thing I can suggest, to diminish your loss, is to lower the rent."

Granulated Eyelids, Sties, Inflamed Eyes relieved over night by Roman Eye Balsam. One trial proves its merit. Adv.

ZAPATA KEPT HIS PROMISE

Paid Back 50,000 Pesos He Forced Bankers to Give Him to Feed Hungry Men.

One morning Emilio Zapata issued two proclamations. One was a prohibition edict closing the saloons; the other a command for the bankers of the city to assemble for a conference. The bankers attended the meeting. They went in fear, dreading confiscation of their deposits. Only a few days before the armies of General Carranza had collected a "forced loan" of ten million pesos from the banks. What mercy could be expected of the bandit leader?

Zapata's speech was short and to the point. "Caballeros," he said, "my men are hungry. I want 50,000 pesos to feed them for a few days. You will pay this. I promise you protection. You may carry on your business without molestation as long as you do not aid the enemy. You may go when you sign the order for the money." Thankful to escape with such a modest demand, the bankers did as they were ordered. Zapata kept his part of the bargain, and for months, the city was better policed than it has ever been since Porfirio Diaz was driven from Mexico. But this is the strange part of the story—strange to one who knows the system of confiscation which has bled the business men of the country. Ten days later Zapata paid back the 50,000 pesos.

The Turtle's Choice.

The auto had skidded and upset. An Irishman came up and said to another in the crowd: "What's the excitement, Pat?"

"Shure, an automobile has turned turtle."

"Turned turtle, is it?" said the newcomer. "Bedad, that must be the rasyon it chose a mud puddle."

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as a table beverage.

A package from
the grocer is well
worth a trial, in place
of coffee—especially

When Coffee Disagrees!